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Mr. Kemble displays more ingenuity, in my mind, than taste or solidity of judgment. He has many tricks to raise claps, and one particularly, which I cannot but reprobate, of pausing where there is no pause in the sense.

in order to give the subsequent words more force and effect."

December 8th.—"I was fool enough to go to the first night of Mrs. Cowley's new comedy, called *More Ways than One*; though I must tell you, in vindication of myself, that I did not know who was the author when I went. It was received with the greatest applause, and highly commended in most of the papers this morning; notwithstanding which, I do not hesitate to pronounce it execrable stuff."

"The mention of Shakspeare in your letter reminds me of a remark which lately occurred to me: *Prince Henry* makes the following reflection over the dead body of *Hotspur*:

'When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two pieces of the vilest earth
Is room enough.'

As a parallel to this passage, Dr. Johnson has quoted these lines from Ovid:

'Carminibus confide bonis; jacet ecce Tibullus;
Vix manet è toto parva quod urna capit.'

I think the two last lines of the epitaph said to be inscribed on the tomb of Scipio Africanus, have a nearer resemblance to the passage in Shakspeare:

'Cui non Europa, non obstitit Africa quondam,
Respicie res hominum, quam brevis urna premit.'

From the stage we proceed to a few very brief miscellaneous illustrations. The following useful hint is neatly conveyed:—

"I thank you very much for your very obliging letter, which I received on Friday last; but give me leave to remark, *en passant*, that in future it may be as well if you date your letters, as the trouble of doing it is not great, and it sometimes may have its convenience."

The next are sound observations:—

"I do not think that tremblingly alive susceptibility which you mention is a certain diagnostic of virtue; it is sometimes, perhaps most frequently, what we call prudery. Conscious innocence is bold, and often much more unguarded than guilt; though the feelings of calumniated innocence will be often in the highest degree irritable: but the feelings of no friend of mine, whether man or woman, do I wish to be 'tremblingly alive all o'er,' for the inevitable consequence of such feelings is, that the person cursed with them must 'smart and agonise at every pore.' He will find ten thousand things to render him miserable; ten thousand unintentional slights will pierce him to the quick, which would never have occurred to the mind of a man of less refinement and susceptibility. This was remarkably exemplified in the life of Rousseau, who was exquisitely ingenious in rendering himself unhappy. Every man, who values his happiness, will be studious to eradicate a susceptibility, which is certainly a scion of that passion which the wise son of Sirach truly, and with a fine sarcasm, remarks, 'was not made for man.'"

There is an interest to us in the mention of literary men and matters; thus, February, 1794:—

"Gibbon (whose death you must have seen) is said to have been employed on two works, the loss of which I do not much regret.—Prefaces to an edition of the *Monkish Historians*, which were to be published by Pinkerton; and a sort of *Catalogue raisonné* of the authors he has made use of in his *Roman History*. It is said that he had not made much progress in either."

"I have not heard much said of Mr. Canning's speech. It was considered as sufficient."

"It was once my good fortune to meet this truly great man at a large dinner party at Dr. Cooper's, where he was

cently zealous, but I do not think he was considered in that debate as remarkably formidable. I saw him in town with the *Markhams*: if he be domiciled with the archbishop, he will hardly be deficient in zeal. I asked in town how the revolution in Canning's political sentiments had been produced. I was answered, that 'his poverty, but not his will, consented.'"

The subjoined maxims from Jortin, and quoted by Lord C., are worth repeating:—

"The man who is not *intelligent* is not *intelligent*. You may depend upon this, as upon a rule which will never deceive you."

"A desire to say things which no one ever said, makes some people say things which no one ought to say."

"Men speak more virtuously than they either act or think."

"Government, in church and state, is of God; forms of government, in church and state, are of men."

"Bacon says, 'If St. John were to write an epistle to the church of England, as he did to that of Asia, it would surely contain this clause: *I have a few things against thee*.' I am not quite of his opinion. I am afraid the clause would be, 'I have not a few things against thee.'"

"It is observable that Pharaoh, tyrant and persecutor as he was, never compelled the Hebrews to forsake the religion of their fathers, and to adopt that of the Egyptians. Such improvements in persecution were reserved for Christians."

"Flatterers are as mean and sordid as they are mischievous and odious. To them might be applied the Levitical law: *Every creeping thing is unclean, and shall be an abomination*."

"Somebody said to a learned simpleton, 'The Lord double your learning, and then—you will be twice the fool you are now.'"

"Amongst the sayings of Publius Syrus, none pleases us more than this:—'*injuriarum remedium est oblivio*.' I have endeavoured to make use of it."

But we must conclude; and we do so with quoting two of Lord Chedworth's very opposite reasons for mourning the loss of a cook:—

"I am at present in an uncomfortable state: my cook has been dying for some days; but her constitution being very strong, she grapples with death astonishingly. As she came to live

present with his uncle, Mr. Leigh. Lord C. was also there. Mr. Canning had not then commenced his political career; but had already achieved so high a literary fame, that we were all greedy

"To swallow his discourse;"

when, unfortunately, the discipline of a hundred-house of industry was a subject casually started, and from this attractive scent it was found impossible to call off some of our company. Enough, however, was heard from Mr. C. to induce Lord Chedworth to declare, when the party broke up, and with more than his ordinary enthusiasm, that 'C. was a wonderful young man.'

"The above was written at a time when it could scarcely be foreseen that the master mind of this gentleman would direct the counsels of his country. But, alas! the hope, the anguish, hope, thus inspired, was soon to cease. His unremitting industry and excess of devotion to the cause he had so entirely at heart were too much for his exhausted nature. The opposition too which he experienced (to a degree, perhaps, wholly unexampled) from the pride and selfishness of some of his former friends, could not but severely afflict him; and it is painful to add, that the excessive malignity which was displayed by their low and scurrilous partisans was more than his amiable but too ardent temper could endure. The well-wrought panoply of genuine patriotism and conscious integrity could not wholly defend him from their poisoned arrows. To despise an enemy, however wise it may be, is a lesson which all cannot learn. He, however, is gone from a world of trouble; but not, I trust, before his country and its enlightened sovereign were become sensible of his worth, and will be anxious to continue in that path of policy which he had opened, and which so evidently leads, not only to the prosperity and happiness of this country, but of all mankind."

with my father and mother before I can remember, you will conceive that I cannot help feeling on this occasion. I doubt I shall not soon meet with a person whose culinary performances will please me so well as her's have done."

There are some just remarks on reading the church service of common prayer; but, instead of referring to them, we would take the opportunity of recommending all concerned to seek out Mr. Jones (of Drury Lane), who is making so many clergymen effective and impressive in this way (instead of following traditional sing-song and error), that we understand he is likely to be esteemed one of the chief pillars of the church as well as of the stage."

The Foreign Review and Continental Miscellany. No. I. January, 1828. London, Black, Young, and Young; and Bossange, Barthès, and Lowell: Edinburgh, T. Clark: Dublin, M^rArthur.

We are not in the habit of reviewing our contemporaries in periodical literature, because we consider the public to be the best judges of such matters, which are, therefore, best left in the hands that must sanction or reject them. But this does not preclude us from occasionally noticing, and especially when we can do so with approbation, the appearance of any novelty in the critical or literary world; such notices being rather in the way of news or intelligence than of expressions of opinion. Thus, we spoke very favourably of the *Foreign Quarterly Review* when first published, some months ago (of which a second No. has since succeeded); and have now to do equal justice to another performance of the same class, and, we are sorry to remark, its hostile competitor and rival. With the disputes, however, which led to this division of interests, and to several angry statements from the parties (in which, we fancy, readers take less concern than the controversialists may suppose), it is not our business to interfere; we cannot help feeling sorrow that the heat of contention, springing originally, perhaps, out of slight causes, should be carried to such intemperate heights, as to induce any literary men to utter imputations and recriminations, at which, we are convinced, their minds, in the earlier stages of the contest, would have started and recoiled. It is thus that all quarrels grow: they begin with some slight misunderstanding and displeasure; the difference of views widens as the argument warms the combatants, and the breach becomes more and more impracticable, till at last rage begets hatred; and those who at the outset would have thought a formal phrase a sufficient mark of their temper, and a gentle reproof for not agreeing with them a sufficient retort, do not hesitate to abuse and vilify in language of unmeasured violence, and to charge motives and conduct which could only be imagined through the distorting medium of angry resentments. Trifles are canvassed till they turn to serious questions, and molehills are made mountains for the dwellers thereupon. That we may not fall into the same error, we here dismiss the subject, which we have touched on with regret, as one forced upon us by the publicity of the occasion, and the exasperation of the wordy warfare which has been so actively and acrimoniously maintained. The editors of both Reviews we have the pleasure to know; and their estimable qualities as gentlemen and scholars ought to have kept them from this controversy.

With regard to No. I. of the *Foreign Review* now before us, we have simply to say, that its

contents are various, exceedingly well chosen, and very ably written. Out of twelve regular articles, of considerable length, we have been much pleased with Barante's History of the Dukes of Burgundy, Werner and German Poetry, and Spanish Poetry, severally ascribed to Mr. Southey, Mr. Carlyle of Edinburgh, and Mr. Wiffen; but it is almost an impropriety to particularise these papers, since nearly all the rest are replete with intelligence and instruction. On the whole, we look upon this No. to be eminently calculated to inspire and cultivate a taste for foreign literature, of which there is a broad and rich field open to the critical English labourer, whence he may import vast and valuable stores for the benefit of his native country. As a specimen of the work, we select one from some twenty or thirty of the short reviews of new publications, which, together with the usual lists, &c. &c., conclude this excellent volume. In a very brief space it offers many just and felicitous observations, which might have been expanded over far larger bounds.

"*Poésies, par Mde. Amable Tastu.*
Paris, 1827.

"It is a singular fact, that a nation whose earliest associations are so romantic and so poetical—which was the birth-place of the Troubadours, and, in after times, not only the most civilised, but, indeed, the most forward in literary progress,—should possess no poetry. Setting the drama aside, as involving too much of old dispute, and, moreover, conceiving a tragedy may be very effective without being poetical, we must again repeat our assertion that there is no poetry, properly so called, in France. Spain, Italy, Germany, and England, are the most poetical countries in Europe: the poetry of Spain is the stirring memory of her ancient chivalry, veined with the rich passion and imagery which the Moors have left, like the ruins of the Alhambra, as their trace behind them; that of Italy is the inspiration of the fairest earth and heaven that ever made beauty the element of man's fancy. In Germany and England there is less of ostensible cause; there is no reason of climate or association why they should be more poetical than France, yet no one will deny that they are so. But the wonder of those who examine the character of the French will soon cease; their philosophers were wits, their poets epigrammatists, their lovers men of gallantry; all lived with the fear of ridicule, like the sword of Damocles, for ever before their eyes; their feelings were scenes, their enthusiasm a fashion, and their very intrigues a feather for their cap or a step to their preferment: but the insincerity that prevailed amongst them was a yet greater barrier to the attainment of poetical eminence. Every thing was doubted, nothing believed; scepticism in morals as well as in religion, there was nothing whereon to ground belief—and poetry, like religion, asks faith. Destroy its credence in the finer sympathies, the higher and holier impulses of our nature, and we destroy its existence. The compliment was elegantly turned, the satire was keenly pointed; so much for the higher ranks: and as for the lower, no peasant poet ever made his native valley vocal with his songs, till nature, borne on the wings of music, like Psyche wafted by the zephyrs, found her way even into palaces. The degraded state of the peasantry rendered this impossible: the wildest tribe that ever roamed the desert may be poetical, the civilised savage never. Where, in such a state of society, were the excitements or the materials of poetry? for though devout believers in the original existence of genius,

separate and self-supported, as the fire of the volcano, yet we also think there must be a peculiar state of atmosphere to call forth the liquid flame. To take a moment's glance at the list of French poets as their names occur, we have the Abbé de Lille's 'Jardins,' whose pastoral and rural sketches are about as natural as the pictures when it was the fashion for ladies to be drawn as shepherdesses; their ideas of Arcadia being composed of a nosegay, a crook, a large straw hat, and a long green sash; and where in the odes of J. B. Rousseau, (save only that Pindaric address to Fortune,) shall we look for the exquisite imagery of Collins, the classical power of Gray, or the reflective philosophy of Wordsworth? Perhaps a few words on the Henriade will shew the defects of French poetry. They may be principally comprised under three heads; its being made the vehicle of courtly flattery, its adherence to mythological imagery, and its utter ignorance of natural beauty. The gods of Ethnic faith have lost their hold for worship in the present day; for poetry must, to a certain degree, be truth. Their magnificent deities, their lovely goddesses, their graceful train of nymphs, nereids, &c. were beautiful and efficient in the hands of the Grecians, for they believed in their existence. Such was the state of the more imaginative parts of literature previous to the Revolution. That has, indeed, effected a mighty change; freedom, like pure air, has cleared and lightened wherever it past, and no where are its effects more felt than in the mind. It is not in the midst of terrible events that people lie down to meditate upon them, but in the after-hours of tranquillity. France is more likely to produce fine poetry now than ever; men's thoughts and feelings have received a new stimulus, old prejudices have been forcibly trodden down, old customs shewn to be of no avail, foreign models contemplated, and a new standard of taste introduced. In every work which now issues from the French press, the influence of this renovated spirit is felt. As yet, indeed, no master minstrel has arisen to give his own tone to minor writers (for though we do full justice to the talents of Messrs. Delavigne and Delamartine, yet they are not men who stamp the character of a language); but we do firmly believe there is more of imagination and taste at this present moment in French literature, than would have served the whole siècle de Louis XIV. Perhaps the volume which suggested these remarks will illustrate, as well as any, the change which we consider to have taken place. It is a little book full of simple and natural feeling, with veins of that melancholy whose very existence is poetry. *Les Poésies* of Mde. Amable Tastu consist of some very graceful translations from Moore, and many short original pieces, whose sadness and tenderness appear to be, what the inspiration of the minstrel should ever be,—from the heart. In translating two or three of our favourite pieces, we shall endeavour rather to follow the meaning than the measure: for example, in the annexed stanzas we have given the more recitative part of the ode in blank verse, and we shall only have recourse to rhyme, where either the nature of the poem requires it, or where such a style being peculiar to both languages, the metre will not interfere with the turn of a single idea.

"*Song of Sappho at the Pyre of Erinna.*
Happy the priestess of the poet-god,
Whose song, young Lesbians, the Anonian maids
Alone have taught! oh! happy she, who sleeps
Ere wakened from the error which but wakes
To know itself the nurse of long regrets,

Or envy her who dies and leaves behind
Songs pure as ever her own features were.
Weep, maidens, weep, the daughter of the lyre
Who asks in vain from a once high, pure love
Its vanished dream, whose glory and whose shame
Are linked together, she who paid happiness
Her price for genius, but enjoyed it not—
She who is struck by slander's poisoned tongue
But this is not Erinna! alas, it is not her!"

"We will pass over the next two stanzas, as too mythological, and leave the jealousy of Phytus, and the anger of Venus, for the following exquisite cluster of images alluding to the death of Erinna.

"She has past as the day-break
Fades on the hill-side,
As the swan's and low singing
Borne away by the tide.
As the rose flower droops
When the night hour's come on;
As the silver stream dries
In the heat of the sun.

But weep for her!—she who is suffering still,
Waiting that hour for which perhaps she prays.
Dark night has brought its visions, she has seen
Each mine in silence hide her radiant brow,
And when day dawns to darkness, hear she not
From the cold waves a voice which calls her there.
But this is not Erinna! alas, it is not her!"

"The following is in a lighter vein, imitated from one of Thibaud's, the King of Navarre.

"Greeting, lovely ladies all,
Who have welcomed me in hall,
Be ye merciful as fair,
While the minstrel strains declare
Of his noble master's songs;
Tears in each dark eye may swell,
While the death of Love I tell.

'Tis not Love which liveth now—
He hath died of broken vow;
False love now hath all the sway—
Pleasure you all for true Love pray.

Sweet where true Love's smiles and sighs,
Morning's light was in his eyes,
Well all deemed that he could be
Only a divinity.
One of you may say 'mine own,'
To the portrait I have shewn:
I will not the truth betray,
But, perchance, her blushes may.

'Tis not, &c.

All too soon the weight of age
Came, despite youth's hour of charms;
Worn with cares, and worn with grief,
Love expired in my arms.
Saw I how his strength decayed,
Saw death on his features graced,
Saw him die beneath neglect,
Whom a look, perchance, had saved.

'Tis not, &c.

Fling I on the funeral pyre
Amorous scrolls, vows false and fair,
Aure from deceiving scarf,
Faded flowers, and auburn hair.
There, as Eve's star rose above,
Laid I the remains of Love:
Drowned, amid my tears fast rain,
There he might have died again.

'Tis not, &c.

In a little lonely wood,
There is raised Love's funeral stone;
There the simple peasant dreams,
As the twilight hours steal on,
Would that some inconstant heart,
Passing near the haunted place,
Might by the carved marble pause,
And sigh its graven words to trace.

'Tis not Love which liveth now—
He hath died of broken vow;
False Love now hath all the sway—
Pleasure you all for true Love pray.

"One beautiful simile, alluding to herself and the remembrance she leaves behind in song, and we have done.

"As in a vale some solitary flower
Fades and then dies, leaving for memory
Some odorous breathings, and a few light leaves,
Faint playthings of the wind."

"We have now only a few words of praise and welcome to the fair lyrist whose music we have been endeavouring to catch. There is a delicate tone of feminine feeling which pervades the whole, and, if report speaks truly in saying that she is collecting materials for a volume of legends from the olden times of France, we congratulate both herself and her readers."

Tales of an Antiquary, chiefly illustrative of the Manners, Traditions, and Remarkable Localities of London. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Colburn.

THESE are very curious and interesting volumes: many a weary day must have been passed in the Museum—that temple of antiquities and antiquaries—many a black-lettered folio unclasped, ere the materials could have been collected for their pages; and few of our modern memoirs have, we firmly believe, cost one half the research of these Tales. We have, however, more to say in favour of the industry than of the invention of the writer. Considered simply as fictions, they are heavy and ill constructed—as sketches of olden time, accurate and spirited. We think the author has been led away by a false idea of conforming to the taste of the times, of writing a popular work, yet so full of his antiquarian lore that the mere story-teller sinks under the weight. We shall select from the two or three German legends the following story of *Death's Horse*. The forest near Wolfsfeld is so infested by demons, that no person can pass unmolested. At length a bold knight undertakes the adventure: he sets off, with the Evangelists at his saddle-bow, his spear in his hand, and a song on his lips.

"He was carolling on in this manner, when the wood began to resound with all sorts of noises: there were laughing, shouting, and many voices were heard mocking him. 'Hark to the fool-hardy braggart!' cried one. 'He little thinks we're to roast him to-night on molten gold,' said another. 'Yes,' howled a third, 'for the impious fool came out without a blessing from the brethren of St. Francis' convent.' 'Let him go on, let him go on; he cannot escape Death's Horse.' In this manner was Ludwig accosted by his invisible foes on his entry to the forest: but though he was not daunted, yet he gathered up his strength for his future trials; 'for,' thought he, 'although what I have heard may be as gross falsehoods as ever were uttered by the Fiend himself, yet I shall not cast away my blows upon an invisible enemy, but reserve them until I can see something to fight withal.' He rode on for a while unmolested, though the forest grew thicker, and the night grew darker every moment; when, as he passed the entrance to a narrow and deep defile, he saw a figure very richly habited in the ancient dress of Germany come riding up it on a bay horse: upon his head was a crown of gold, and in his face, where his eyes should have been, were two large balls, which shone like the regal metal when glowing in the furnace. 'Ho, friend!' cried Langenspeers, when he saw the figure, 'who are you with your fiery eyes, and what do you seek in this forest?' 'My name,' said the stranger, 'is King Guldneugen: I am lord of all the gold in Germany.' 'And I,' returned the knight, 'am Lodowick Langenspeers, of Wolfsfeld, as poor as an hawlet, but in arms against all roving spirits.' 'What say you, Ludwig, to becoming my subject? You shall have coined gold by the handful, and wedges enough to build you a palace with.' 'Well said, King Golden-eyes,' answered Langenspeers, 'but what must I do for all this?' 'Only give me that little book which is at your left saddle-bow, and swear upon it to be mine for ever and ever.' 'A likely tale, King Guldneugen,' replied the knight; 'but if you can carry my lance without stooping, I'll serve you.' 'Come, then,' said the king, 'let me try.' 'Take it,

then,' said Ludwig, letting his ponderous spear fall with all his force upon the shoulder of the unfortunate monarch, and bearing both horse and man to the earth with the weight of it. 'How now!' cried the knight, 'what are you down, King Guldneugen? you are well fitted, truly, to play a forest fiend, not to stand a touch like that. Believe me, my faith is much heavier. Hark ye, friend, I shall give you a little wound, that I may know you when we meet again: there!' continued he, running his spear through the fictitious spirit's arm, 'Good night!' 'Go on, thou sacrilegious man!' said the fallen king; 'Death's Horse is abroad in the forest! thou wilt meet him anon.' 'And then,' returned Langenspeers, 'I shall serve it as I have served yours;' and so he rode on his journey. He again continued unmolested for some time; but whether he had missed the road, or whether any fiendish sleights were cast over him, he could not tell, though certain it was that he rather seemed to get deeper into the forest, than to issue from it on the high road to Nürnberg. In spite of himself, too, the night air made him weary and drowsy, and he even nodded in a broken slumber over his horse's head. It is, however, in these brief spaces of forgetfulness, when we are neither sleeping nor waking, that the power of dreams is most perplexingly active; for the things which are actually passing before us are mixed up with the wild incoherencies of vision, and we are unable to distinguish the true from the false. Such was the situation of Langenspeers: he thought that he was still riding through the wood, greatly wearied, and that a beautiful female, fantastically habited in oak and ivy, like a forest sprite, was approaching him, singing—

Turn and rest thee, soldier, here,
Let thy wearied barb go free;
Lay aside thy massive spear,
Turn and pass the night with me.
Here securely feast and sleep,
Beauty here shall bless thine arms;
Rest thee, knight, nor longer keep
Vigil to the forest charms.

A sudden start of his horse awakened Ludwig from his trance, and he beheld the figure which he had dreamed of, standing before him. 'And pray, fair one,' began the knight, 'was yours the voice I heard inviting me to stop and rest, and banquet?' 'Yes, gallant stranger,' she replied; 'I am the Princess Brinhilda, the daughter of Achenmann, the erl king; I came forth from my bower to find a brave knight, to take him to my castle and make him my lord. Say, then, wilt thou be he? I can bestow on thee more riches than the emperor of this land ever saw; all Germany shall be under thy control; and I will be thy lady-love, possessing a youth and beauty which are continually renewed by time.' 'But what,' returned Ludwig, 'must I give in exchange for all this?' 'Only,' said the lady, 'one kiss from your lips, one drop of your blood, that little book which hangs at your saddle-bow, and swear upon it to be mine for ever and ever.' 'A goodly guerdon, truly, fair Brinhilda; and now let me tell you, that I am the stout Ludwig Langenspeers, who am in arms against all roving spirits; but if you can carry my sword, I am content to be yours, and it's the office of a gentle damosell to unarm her knight.' 'Unbrace it,' said Brinhilda, 'and let me try.' 'There, fair gentlewoman,' returned Langenspeers, casting the sword with a violent clank to the earth, but retaining in his hand the chain to which it was suspended. Brinhilda tried to raise it, but it was enough for any three ordinary men, and therefore all

her attempts were in vain: but while she was stooping over it, the knight silently took from her head the oak and ivy crown, and shred off with his dagger a large tress of her golden hair. At length, seeing her labours were to no purpose, he drew up the sword again, and, after bracing it on, put his steed into a gallop, and said, 'Fare you well, lady! you are no erl king's daughter, not to be able to lift my sword. I shall never yield to you, for my faith is heavier than that brand; but I shall carry off these trophies, that I may know you when we meet again.' 'Go on, uncourteous knight,' said the lady, 'Death's Horse is abroad, and he will revenge me;' and Ludwig rode onwards through the forest. As the moon began to sink down the sky, he drew near to a sort of plain in the wood; but ere he could gain it, he heard the hollow voice of some one apparently riding very near to him, and singing:—

I ride the forest, I ride the wood,
I ride on the broad highway;
The track of my charger is marked with blood,
Like a field on the battle-day!
Whatever he pursue, in vain is flight,
There never was barb so fleet;
Whatever he attacks, in vain is might—
Whole armies fall at his feet!
No mortal dare upon him to look,
Although he be stout and brave;
Each step of his tread is a knell for the dead,
And each bound is the span for a grave!

At last Ludwig to himself, this is a terrible homily, truly: it comes, doubtless, from that same Death's Horse of which I have heard so much; but he must not go unanswered neither:—

'Oh Death! oh Death! there is one by thy side,
Who fears not thy steed nor thee,
In arms against demons to-night I ride,
Then come forth, if thou can'st, to me!

As he gained the plain, a troop of figures, like skeletons and fiends, of the most horrible grotesque shapes, came running in wild rabble rout from another path of the wood, and in the midst of them there was a fleshless form seated upon a little black horse, having harness of cord, and a bell hung about his neck, which continually swung with a melancholy sound. The figure on his back was habited in a kind of white shroud; but though his visage was the face of a skull, he had a long black beard, and his streaming hair was surmounted by an eastern crown twined about with serpents. He held in his left hand an hour-glass and dial, and in his right a spear, with which he made towards Ludwig; but the brave knight, breathing a short prayer, couching his own resistless lance, and putting Maximilian to his full speed, rushed valiantly on the band—"we need scarcely add, with the accustomed success of knights-errant.

We must mention, that there is some very sweet poetry scattered about; and a preface, neatly and amusingly written.

Coming Out; and the Field of the Forty Foot-steps. By Jane and Anna Maria Porter. 3 vols. 12mo. Longman and Co. 1826.

THE taste of the age is so very much altered since our fair authoresses began their literary career, that, perhaps, it is scarcely fair to try their works by the ordeal of modern opinion; neither do we think the page of light amusement fit subject for severe criticism: we shall rather, therefore, turn to the pleasant task of opening the volumes, and leaving our readers to form what judgment their taste or their gratitude may induce. The first tale is a picture of gay modern life; the next is one of old historical tradition, founded on so curious a fact, that we must quote the detail.

"But when, all the above, twenty-seven years ago, was thus flourishing in its most rural verdure and peopled pleasantness, there existed one tract in that lovely green of meadows, which usually appeared deserted; or, when visited, the human beings discerned there were few in number, or, most frequently, only some solitary person in musing mood, moving slowly through its long grass. To that so generally forsaken spot, tradition had given the name of the Field of the Forty Footsteps."

"The footsteps were in the middle of the field, and forty in number; and the old man said were each imprinted by the approach and struggle of two combatants, who had fought and perished there, in the dead lock of mutual hatred."

"All I am able to say with regard to the particular situation of the vestiges you inquire after is, that the field they were in lay between our archery-ground (which you may recollect was at the back of the east side of Gower Street) and some other meadows more to the eastward, that skirted the lane called the Duke of Bedford's Road, then running northward from the top of Southampton Row, Bloomsbury. I remember often walking to the spot in my boyish days, to scan over and over again those extraordinary appearances. The way I went was along Southampton Row, to the point where it led to a passage into Queen's Square. Near that point was a gate and a turn-stile, which opened from the Duke's Road direct into the great extent of fields I speak of, now mostly built on, but then pastures as far as the eye could reach. Having entered by the stile, and proceeded thence in an oblique line, at about something more than a quarter of a mile's walking from the stile, I reached the field you mean—that called of the Forty Footsteps; and where the marks, as if of human steps, presented themselves on a continuation of the same oblique line; and in a sort of waving position, giving, certainly, the appearance of a regular advance or retreat of two persons, in the manner the legend describes; and although the grass stood high and rich on all the rest of the field, not a blade grew on the apparent foot-prints. To account for them by any other means than the related superstition was not easy. They did not lie near any common way; neither do I think that the scanty numbers of the curious or idle, boys or men, who by chance visited the place, could, by their own feet, have worn the marks into such unvarying barrenness of surface. I haunted them repeatedly, both when boy and man, and never saw a change in them. But even were it so, that the visits of the curious had perpetuated the appearances, by re-treading in the barren marks, such an admission would prove the fact of a constant tradition respecting them; and that goes far to verify the tale of the tradition itself,"—which is, that of two brothers fighting, till both fell; but for the details we refer to the volume itself.

Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland. Vol. I. Part I. 4to.

The collection of valuable articles recently published in this work has already given us an opportunity of recording the high importance of its topics. China, the recesses of the Himalah, India, and the celebrated isles of the Indian Ocean, respectively contribute their quota of illustrative science and novelty. The articles of Mr. Colebrooke, on the philosophy

of the Hindûs, are marked by that vigorous conception and luminous development which flows from a combination of perfect knowledge and intelligence of this most abstruse and difficult question, and, however arduous to handle, may form a subject in a future No. Having in our pages already extracted observations on a Cufic inscription in Ceylon, accompanied with remarks by Sir Alexander Johnston on its ancient commerce, opening sound and sagacious views of improvement,—we shall now advert to an article in the first pages of the Transactions, supplied by an eminent oriental scholar, on the Pancha Tantra, or collection of oriental apologies, so justly and popularly known throughout Europe under the title of Pilpay's Fables. After briefly touching a few points of this most attractive species of writing, we shall call the notice of the public to a work of equal celebrity, but hitherto unknown to us, which (thanks to the views and exertions of the Asiatic Society) may soon also become a portion of European literature.

The analytical account so elaborately given in the first Part of the Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society, of the Pancha Tantra, excites a particular interest in the mind of the reader for its interesting and attractive apologies. It were needless to enlarge upon the influence which attaches to this class of instructive preceptive tales, grounded upon the immutable impulses of the heart and inclinations—all of which are set in motion, and described with a variety of illustrative sketches, particularly useful and felicitous for embodying the manners, habits, and cast of thought of eastern countries. It is, moreover, a particular feature of the singular fascination of this description of writings, that the soundest axioms of prudence and sagacity are introduced into the mind by our feathered and animal monitors, in a phraseology of characteristic simplicity and colloquial naïveté.

Few books of philosophy or professed ethics contain a more useful range of development of the rules of life, than can be extracted from the incidents of these instructive fables; and accordingly they appertain to the class of fictions which interest the great family of man in every clime, being vivid transcripts of thought, light and airy of touch, but of universal acceptance. Therefore, however dissimilar the habits may be of the natives of India and of Britain, these pleasing narratives enchain the attention of the lovers of nature in either hemisphere, and thus an illustration of the Arabian Tales, from the Pancha Tantra, the Hitopadesa, and other Hindu writings, would greatly increase their interest and value, and evolve a very instructive chain of evidence of the intimate relation subsisting between Indian and Arabian literature. And it is no mean incentive and recommendation to the undertaking, that these fictions form a flowery path for the acquirement of a knowledge of oriental habits and manners, familiarising the reader to the tone of Eastern society, and painting to the life their jurisprudence, administration of their laws, as well as the shifting scenes and unstable prosperity of the prime actors on their scene of grandeur.

While the highly instructive remarks of Mr. Wilson's essay deserve the closest attention of every admirer of this class of writings, (exclusively the property of the East,) it is wished to call the attention of the public, as well as the cultivator of oriental literature, to a similar work, rich in every character of moral instruction, and also displaying an exhaustless variety of animal personification,—a work which embodies, moreover, an illustration of the

doctrines of one of the most venerable religious classes of the East—namely, the Jâtakas, or incarnations of the Buddhoo.

Buddhism, however persecuted and driven from the peninsula of India, having finally established its seat in the distinguished island in the bay of Bengal, so well known as the Serendib of Arabian literature, the Lanka of Hindoo writers, and the Ceylon of European history, has from thence diffused its doctrine and influence from the Ganges over the vast countries interposing betwixt that stream and the empire of China. Indeed the majority of the population of that great state, as well as the Tatar tribes of Central Asia, are chiefly followers of the culte of the Buddhoo; so that there can exist little doubt but that Buddhism operates by its doctrines and faith over the largest portion of the human race. To all these millions, the Jâtakas, or 550 incarnations of Guadma, are subjects of the highest respect;—jealously preserved in the temples, as the most sacred repository of doctrinal instruction, it is now almost impossible to procure a perfect copy of the whole series of these tales or incarnations, a translation of which, while they would add very largely to our collection of interesting Eastern narrations, would supply also an illustration of the whole scope of Buddhism, of which the metempsychosis, on which these changes turn, forms the basis and chief agent.

It is a subject of great interest to our knowledge on these points, that a perfect copy of the Jâtakas is in the library of the Royal London Asiatic Society, the donation of Sir Alexander Johnston; whose collection of this, and other rare and important manuscripts, evidences his zealous and beneficial prosecution of a systematic plan for the cultivation of the literature of the island, over the jurisprudence of which he so usefully presided.

The manuscript in the possession of the Royal Asiatic Society is thus described by Mr. Clough, who for many years has been a missionary in Ceylon, and who lately published a Pali Grammar, and is also at present composing a Dictionary: he inspected its condition, and has gone through its leaves.

"The Singhalese book is called *Pansiya-panas Jâtaka*. From *pan*, five—*siya*, hundred—*panas*, fifty, and *jâtaka*, incarnation,—that is, the 550 incarnations of Buddha, which he underwent during his probation for that highest and most sacred character. During these trans migrations, he entered into every possible state of existence, from the gods down to the meanest reptile, and had to encounter characters of every description. Sometimes he was among the gods, sometimes among the demons—most frequently among men, and often among the beasts, birds, and fishes. These Jâtakas contain the complete history of his visits or births among these different classes of beings; and give, at the same time, the substance of his intercourse with them. This is designed to exemplify three of the chief traits in his character—purity, compassion, and wisdom. Every Jâtaka closes by giving such strong exhibition of these excellencies, that the beings among whom he is found discover that they have been visited by Bhodisataya (the name he had while a candidate for the Buddhoohip), who vanishes; and they are left to moralise and improve the instance he has given them, by some parable, or some narrative or discourse, of his infinite wisdom, purity, and compassion: and that all may attain what he has attained, namely, *nirvana*, they are to act upon the principles and maxims laid down in the Jâtakas,

on which account this is looked upon as the chief book among the Buddhists.

"The book was originally written in Pali, and translated into Singhalese. This copy contains 1172 leaves, or 2344 pages. A native writer would write about four pages per day, upon an average, and this would employ him 586 days."

Among the incredible variety of personifications contained in the Játakas, some are more prized than the rest as the exemplars of Buddhist doctrine; and esteeming every insight into the subject as a link in our system of information in this line of oriental literature, it is with particular pleasure that we state the intended publication of four of the Játakas with their correspondent pictures, together with a mass of subjects referring to the religion and habits of the Buddhist classes of Ceylon, similarly illustrated by plates. This work will comprise notices on the zodiacal and planetary systems, also the astrologic features of the Bali and the Nekates, the devil-worship, the Hades and places of torment, also transcripts from the Bana or sermons of the Buddhoo. These interesting subjects, furnished by Mr. Upham from original manuscripts, are ready for the press, and will, we are assured, be published in course of the present season. The drawings, which are very numerous (more than forty in number) will all be given in lithographic engravings, coloured after the originals, which were supplied to Sir Alexander Johnston by the Buddhist priests.

As the history of remote ages, especially in the East, is chiefly to be sought for in the prevailing doctrines and religion, we cannot but anticipate many pleasing developments upon these subjects, furnishing an insight into the opinions and feelings of a country whose literature has occupied a distinguished rank in the philosophy of every age, whether Greek, Arabian, or European.

A coincidence of much interest will be shewn with the Mexican tribes, on the subject of picture painting, or teaching by pictorial exemplars; a habit existing in the Buddhist practice even to the present period, the priests being accustomed to reprove the existence of any vice or crime which may become pre-eminent, by exhibiting on the walls of their pansilas, or houses of instruction, as well as in their temples, the paintings of the good actions of the Buddhoo in the very stage of existence wherein the obnoxious vice or crime prevails. The incidents of the three Játakas, with their accompanying drawings, exhibit groups of ideas in detached portions, each section of which combines action, its consequences, and catastrophe. Such exhibitions are among the earliest modes of communicating ideas which can be traced in primitive times, and are highly interesting, as they operate (in our own times), through the agency of the Buddhist priesthood, upon many millions of human beings, subjected to the control of Britain. These are the identical drawings which struck Mr. Phillips as forming so remarkable an example of the moral use that might be made of painting, that he exhibited them, and commented upon them in the first lecture which he delivered last session, on the history of painting, at the Academy of Somerset House.

Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries; with Recollections of the Author's Life, and of his Visit to Italy. By Leigh Hunt. 4to. pp. 513. London, 1828. Colburn.

In this quarto the author exhibits himself as a person of considerable talent, and of much literary conceit and affectation. But his deeper

offence lies in the essence of the design itself, which appears to us to be one at which an honourable mind would have revolted. To have gone to enjoy the hospitality of a friend and taste the bounty of a patron, and after his death to have made that visit (for avowedly mercenary ends) the source of a long libel upon his memory,—does seem to be very base and unworthy. No resentment of real or fancied ill usage can excuse, far less justify, such a proceeding; and (without referring to this particular instance, but speaking generally of the practice, now too prevalent, of eaves-dropping and word-catching, and watching every minute action exposed in the confidence of private life, for the purpose of book-making,) we will say that these personal and posthumous injuries are a disgrace to their perpetrators and to the press of the country. It is recorded, that almost before the funeral ashes are cold, the Brahmins in the East collect and pass them through a sieve, to find what molten gold may be gathered from these poor relics of mortality: such has been the treatment of Lord Byron's insulted remains, which have been raked up, sifted, and defiled, to gratify the meanest spirit of cupidity. How finely has the Noble Poet, we had almost written prophet, expressed this in his *Monody on the Death of Sheridan*!

"But should there be to whom the fatal blight
Of falling Wisdom yields a base delight,
Men who exult when minds of heavenly tone
Jar in the music which was born their own,
Still let them pause—Ah! little do they know
That what to them seem'd Vice might be but Wo.
Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fix'd for ever to detract or praise!
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.
The secret enemy whose sleepless eye
Sands sentinel—accuser—judge—and spy,
The foe—the foe—the jealous—and the vain—
The envious who but breathe in others' pain,
Behold the host! delighting to deprave,
Who track the steps of Glory to the grave,
Watch every fault that during Genius owes
Half to the ardour which its birth bestows,
Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
And pile the pyramid of Calumny!"

The connexion between Lord Byron and persons in rank, in intellect, and in every high quality of soul, so inferior to himself as the coterie which gathered round him in Italy—and the consequences of that assemblage, may, we think, be very readily accounted for. Lord Byron, with the fervour of a young poet, imagined Leigh Hunt—in prison for libelling his King—a sort of political martyr, and thus prepossessed in his favour was led to estimate his writings by a fictitious standard. But this fit of fancy must almost instantly have been dispelled, as the author shews it to have been, when his lordship came into direct and constant contact with the pert vulgarity and miserable low-mindedness of Cockney-land. We can picture him (the haughty aristocrat and impatient bard) with Mrs. Hunt, as painted by her partial husband, with the whole family of bold brats, as described by their proud papa, and with that papa himself and the rest of the accompanying annoyances; and we no longer wonder that the Pisan establishment of congenial spirits, brought together from various parts of the world, should have turned into a den of disagreeable, envious, hickering, hating, slandering, contemptible, drivelling, and bedevilling wretches. The elements of such an association were discord; and the result was, most naturally, spleen and secret enmity in life, and hate and public contumely after death.

Considering as we do the whole fabric of this volume to be disgraceful, we deem it but right, though at the expense of repeating some of the passages which have travelled so widely through the newspapers, to lay before our

readers a few examples of the bad feeling, as the grounds on which we support that censure.

"My wife (says the writer) knew nothing of Italian, and did not care to learn it. Madame Guiccioli could not speak English. They were subsequently introduced to one another during a chance meeting, but that was all. No proposition was made for an intimacy on either side, and the families remained separate. This, however, was perhaps the first local cause of the diminished cordiality of intercourse between Lord Byron and myself. He had been told, what was very true, that Mrs. Hunt, though living in all respects after the fashion of an English wife, was any thing but illiberal with regard to others; yet he saw her taking no steps for a farther intimacy. He learnt, what was equally true, that she was destitute, to a remarkable degree, of all care about rank and titles. She had been used to live in a world of her own, and was, and is, I really believe, absolutely unimpressible in that respect. It is possible, that her inexperience of any mode of life but her own, may have rendered her somewhat jealous in behalf of it, and not willing to be brought into comparison with pretensions, the defects of which she is acute to discern; but her indifference to the nominal and conventional part of their importance is unaffectedly real; and it partakes of that sense of the ludicrous which is so natural to persons to whom they are of no consequence, and so provoking to those who regard them otherwise. Finally, Lord Byron, who was as acute as a woman in those respects, very speedily discerned that he did not stand very high in her good graces; and accordingly he set her down to a very humble rank in his own."

Some of the secrets of these family squabbles are here let out. Madame Guiccioli appears to have cared very little for Mrs. Hunt's company; and the latter, though not illiberal with regard to others who were not living after the fashion of English wives, resented the indignity. Of course such a cause of quarrel, like that of Minerva and Venus, soon involved the male deities,—and the Olympus of Pisa was thrown into an uproar.

"Lord Byron," continues the Homeric narrator of these mighty events, "was very bitter," &c. [we beg to refer our readers to our No. of Jan. 5, for this passage, to the words] "and the children, than whom, I will venture to say, it was impossible to have quieter or more respectable in the house, or any that came less in his way, he pronounced to be 'impracticable.' I very soon found that it was desirable to keep them out of his way; and although this was done in the easiest and most natural manner, and was altogether such a measure as a person of less jealousy might have regarded as a consideration for his quiet, he resented it, and could not help venting his spleen in talking of them. The worst of it was, that when they did come in his way, they were nothing daunted. They had lived in a natural, not an artificial state of intercourse, and were equally sprightly, respectful, and self-possessed. My eldest boy surprised him with his address, never losing his singleness of manner, nor exhibiting pretensions of which he was too young to know any thing, yet giving him his title at due intervals, and appearing, in fact, as if he had always lived in the world instead of out of it. This put him out of his reckoning. To the second, who was more struck with his reputation, and had a vivacity of temperament that rendered such lessons dangerous, he said, one day, that he

must take care how he got notions in his head about truth and sincerity, for they would hinder his getting on in the world. This, doubtless, was rather intended to vent a spleen of his own, than to modify the opinions of the child; but the peril was not the less, and I had warning given me that he could say worse things when I was not present."

We presume it is by way of improving upon Harlowe's characteristic portrait of Lord Byron, that we have the frontispiece to the present work, a deplorable whole-length profile, "cut in paper by Mrs. Leigh Hunt!"

We have endeavoured to account for Lord Byron's first notice of, and partiality towards the author, who has made so ungrateful a return for his condescension and kindness; the fact itself is illustrated in an Introduction to some of his lordship's early correspondence in 1813-14-15. Mr. Hunt says:—

"After what I have related of the intercourse between Lord Byron and myself, it will not be supposed that these letters are published with any other view than that of the enter-

* We are tempted to give one of the letters, as a specimen of the writer, and, in some points, of his youthful folly.

"My dear Hunt,—Many thanks for your books, of which you already know my opinion. Their external splendour should not distract you; be inappreciable. They have still more within than without. I take leave to differ from you on Wordsworth, as freely as I once agreed with you; at that time I gave him credit for a promise, which is unfulfilled. I still think his capacity warrants all you say of it only—but that his performances since 'Lyrical Ballads,' are miserably inadequate to the ability which lurks within him; there is undoubtedly much natural talent split over 'The Excursion'; but it is rained upon rocks—where it stands and stagnates, or rained upon sands—where it falls without fertilizing. Who can understand him? Let those who do, make him intelligible. Jacob Behmen, Swedenborg, and Joanna Southcott, are more types of this arch-apostle of mystery and mysticism; but I have done—no I have not done, for I have two petty, and perhaps unworthy, objections in small matters to make to him, which, with his pretensions to accurate observation, and fury against Pope's false translation of the 'Moultin Scene in Homer,' I wonder he should have fallen into—these he says—He says of Greece, in the body of his book—that it is a land of

*'Rivers, fertile plains, and sounding shores,
Under a cope of variegated sky.'*

The rivers are dry half the year, the plains are barren, and the shores still and tedious as the Mediterranean can make them; the sky is any thing but variegated, being for months and months but 'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue'—The notes, where he talks of our 'Monuments crowded together in the busy &c. of a large town,' as compared with the 'still seclusion of a Turkish cemetery in some remote place.' This is pure stuff: for one monument in our churches there are ten in the Turkish, and so crowded, that you cannot walk between them; they are always close to the walls of the towns, that is, merely divided by a path or road; and as to 'remote places,' men never take the trouble, in a barbarous country, to carry their dead very far; they must have lived near to where they are buried. There are no cemeteries in 'remote places,' except such as have the cypress and the tombstone still left, where the olive and the habitation of the living have perished. . . . These things I was struck with, as coming peculiarly in my own way; and in both of these he is wrong: yet I should have noticed neither but for his attack on Pope for a like blunder, and a peevish affection about him, of despising a popularity which he will never obtain. I write in great haste, and, I doubt, not much to the purpose; but you have it hot and hot, just as it comes, and so let it go. By the way, both he and you go too far against Pope's 'So when the Moon,' &c.: it is no translation, I know; but it is not such false description as asserted. I have read it on the spot: there is a burst, and a lightness, and a glow about the night in the Troad, which makes the 'planets vivid,' and the 'pole gazing,' the moon is—at least the sky is—clearness itself; and I know no more appropriate expression for the expansion of such a heaven—over the scene—the plain—the sea—the sky—the Hellespont—Simos—Scamander—and the Isles,—than that of a 'flood of glory.' I am proud, when I see you next. Will you come to the theatre and see our new management? You shall cut it up to your heart's content, root and branch, afterwards, if you like; but come and see it! If not, I must come and see you.—Ever yours very truly and affectionately, BYRON."

tainment to be derived from the correspondence of a man of wit and celebrity. Had I wished to flatter my vanity, or make a case out for myself in any way, I might have published them long ago. I confess I am not unwilling to let some readers see how ill-founded were certain conjectures of theirs at that time. In other respects, I fear, the letters are not calculated to do me good; for they exhibit his lordship in a pleasanter light than truth has obliged me to paint him, and I may seem to be ungrateful for many kind expressions. Let the result be what it ought to be, whether for me or against. I have other letters in my possession, written while Lord Byron was in Italy, and varying in degrees of cordiality, according to the mood he happened to be in. They are for the most part on matters of dispute between us; and are all written in an uneasy, factitious spirit, as different from the straight-forward and sincere-looking style of the present as his aspect in old times varied with his later one."

The confessions in this passage betray some symptoms of grace, and prove that the writer could not entirely reconcile his mind to the despicable course of doing wrong to the memory of his benefactor for the sake of paltry lucre, if not also for the gratification of still baser passions. Indeed the struggle between a sense of rectitude in this respect, and the dishonour of publishing these memoirs, is obvious in many places. After Shelley's death, Mr. Hunt says:—

"Lord Byron requested me to look upon him as standing in Mr. Shelley's place, and said that I should find him the same friend that the other had been. My heart died within me to hear him; I made the proper acknowledgment; but I knew what he meant, and I more than doubted whether even in that, the most trivial part of friendship, he could resemble Mr. Shelley, if he would. Circumstances unfortunately rendered the matter of too much importance to me at the moment. I had reason to fear—I was compelled to try:—and things turned out as I dreaded. [See the rest of this also in L. G. Jan. 6.] I have some peculiar notions on the subject of money, as the reader will see more fully. They will be found to involve considerable difference of opinion with the community in a state of things like the present, particularly in a commercial country; and many may think me as deficient in spirit on that point, as I think them mistaken in their notions of what spirit is, and mistakenly educated. I may be wrong (as people say when they think themselves in the right); but in the mean time, judging even by what they themselves think of the little happiness and disinterestedness that is to be found in the present state of things, I am sure they are not right; and that the system of mere bustle and competition ends in little good to any body. I can see an improvement in it ultimately, when the vicissitude comes which every body attributes to the nature of human society, and which nobody seems to believe in with regard to their own customs:—but I shall be digressing too far. Among other things, in which I differ in point of theory (for in practice I am bound to say that of late, though for other reasons, I have totally altered in this particular), I have not had that horror of being under obligation, which is thought an essential refinement in money matters, and which leads some really generous persons, as well as some who only seek personal importance in their generosity, to think they have a right to bestow favours which they would be mortified to

receive. But at the same time, in this as in every thing else, 'the same is not the same.' Men and modes make a difference; and I must say two things for myself, for which every body may give me credit who deserves credit himself; first, that although (to my great sorrow and repentance) I have not been careful enough to enable myself to be generous in this respect towards others, in any degree worth speaking of, nor even (with shame I say it) just to my own children (though I trust to outlive that culpability), yet I have never refused to share my last sixpence (no idle phrase in this instance) with any friend who was in want of it; and second, that although it has been a delight to me to receive hundreds from some, I could not receive without anguish as many pence from others; nor should I ever, by any chance, have applied to them, but for a combination of circumstances that mixed me up with them at the moment. I do not mean to say that Lord Byron was above receiving obligations. I know not how it might have been with respect to large ones, and before all the world. Perhaps he was never reduced to the necessity of making the experiment. But he could receive some very strange and small ones, such as made people wonder over their wine; and he could put himself to, at least, a disadvantage in larger matters, usually supposed to be reciprocal, which made them wonder still more. If I am thought here to touch upon very private and delicate things, especially regarding a person who is no more, I must offer three more remarks," &c. One of these is an extraordinary reason for vilifying his late patron; which he does because, in consequence of "the gratuitous talking of those who knew nothing about the matter, very erroneous conclusions have been drawn about us on more than one point"!!!

In the career of social life, where civilised men depend so much on their fellow men, it must be that the noblest and proudest natures must often bend (we will not say stoop) to receive benefits: from the king to the beggar, no one ever got through the world without being obliged to others; and the receiver is as much to be esteemed and honoured as the giver. But having once accepted the kindness of a friend, there is no after act on his part, and far less any slight offence, or the mere cessation of bestowing favours, which can form an apology for turning about to sting and wound your benefactor. Silence is imposed, even if gratitude should be forgotten.

We are not inclined to press this matter beyond its just bounds, nor to set a higher value upon pecuniary obligations than they deserve; but surely, in spite of the cant and wire-drawing distinctions of the author, it must be felt by every well-constituted and upright mind, that the acceptance of such favours ought, at least, to prevent their acceptor from violating the grave of his friend; for, as the world goes, money is the greatest test of friendship; and the man who gives it liberally and generously, as Lord Byron did to Mr. Hunt, affords the surest criterion of his regard and affection. Yet, writhing under a recollection of bounties ill-bestowed, thus does the quondam worshipper of that noble lord, and of his rank and title, profane his character, when death has sealed the lips which (if utter scorn did not close them) might have punished the perfidy with immortal ignominy.

"It is a credit to my noble acquaintance, that he was by far the pleasantest when he had got wine in his head. The only time I invited myself to dine with him, I told him I did it on that account, and that I meant to push the

bottle so, that he should intoxicate me with his good company. He said he would have a set-to; but he never did it. I believe he was afraid. * *

"Alive as he was to the mock-heroic in others, he would commit it with a strange unconscious gravity, where his own importance was concerned. Another servant of his, a great baby of a fellow, with a florid face and huge whiskers, who, with very equivocal symptoms of valour, talked highly about Greece and fighting, and who went strutting about in a hussar dress, and a sword by his side, gave himself, all on a sudden, such ludicrous airs at the door, as his lordship's porter, that notice was taken of it. 'Poor fellow!' said Lord Byron, 'he is too full of his attachment to me. He is a sort of *Dolabella*!' Thus likening a great simpleton of a footman to the follower of Antony! 'Have you seen my three helmets?' he inquired one day, with an air between hesitation and hurry. Upon being answered in the negative, he said he would shew them me, and began to enter a room for that purpose, but stopped short, and put it off to another time. The mock-heroic was a little too strong for him. These three helmets he had got up in honour of his going to war, and as harbingers of achievement. They were of the proper classical shape, gilt, and had his motto, 'Crede Byron,' upon them. One was for himself, and the two others were destined to illustrate the heads of the Count Pietro and Mr. Trelawney, who, I believe, declined the honour. I saw a specimen afterwards—I never heard any more of them. It is a problem with the uninitiated, whether lords think much of their titles or not; whether the fair sound is often present to their minds. Some of them will treat the notion with contempt, and call the speculation vulgar. You may set these down in particular for thinking of them often. The chance is, that most of them do, or what is a title worth? They think of them, as beauties think of their cheeks. Lord Byron, as M. Beyle guessed so well, certainly thought a great deal of his. I have touched upon this point before; but I may add, that this was one of the reasons why he was so fond of the Americans, and thought of paying them a visit. He concluded, that having no titles, they had the higher sense of them; otherwise they were not a people to his taste. He thought them shrewd, inasmuch as they were money-getters; but vulgar, and to seek on all other points, and 'stubborn dogs.' All their patriotism, in his mind, was nothing but stubbornness. He laughed at them, sometimes to their faces; which they were grateful enough to take for companionship and a want of pretence. The homage of one or two of them, however, he had reason to doubt, whether he did or not. I could mention one who knew him thoroughly, and who could never sufficiently express his astonishment at having met with so unpoetical a poet, and so unmajestic a lord. Those who only paid him a short visit, or communicated with him from a distance, seemed as if they could not sufficiently express their flattered sense of his greatness; and he laughed at this, while he delighted in it. Receiving one day a letter from an American, who treated him with a gravity of respect, at once stately and deferential: 'Now,' said he, 'this man thinks he has hit the point to a nicety, and that he has just as proper a notion of a lord as is becoming on both sides; whereas he is intoxicated with his new correspondent.' I will not mention what he said of some others, not Americans, who thought themselves at a great advantage with the uninformed. But so mi-

nute was his criticism in these matters, that the most accomplished dedicators would have had reason to dread him, had they known all the niceties of knowledge, human and patrician, which he expected, before he could allow the approach to him to be perfect. You were not to suppose, however, on your part, that he was more in earnest than he ought to be upon these matters, even when he was most so. He was to think and say what he pleased; but his hearers were to give him credit, in spite of himself, only for what squared with their notions of the graceful. Thus he would make confessions of vanity, or some other fault, or of inaptitude for a particular species of writing, partly to sound what you thought of it, partly that while you gave him credit for the humility, you were to protest against the concession. All the perversity of his spoiled nature would then come into play; and it was in these, and similar perplexities, that the main difficulty of living with him consisted. If you made every thing tell in his favour, as most people did, he was pleased with you for not differing with him, but then nothing was gained. The reverse would have been an affront. He lumped you with the rest; and was prepared to think as little of you in the particular, as he did of any one else. If you contested a claim, or allowed him to be in the right in a concession, he could neither argue the point nor really concede it. He was only mortified, and would take his revenge. Lastly, if you behaved neither like his admirers in general, nor in a sulky or disputatious manner, but naturally, and as if you had a right to your jest and your independence, whether to differ with or admire, and apart from an eternal consideration of himself, he thought it an assumption, and would perplex you with all the airs and humours of an insulted beauty. Thus nobody could rely, for a comfortable intercourse with him, either upon admissions or non-admissions, or even upon flattery itself. An immeasurable vanity kept even his adorers at a distance; like Xerxes enthroned, with his millions a mile off. And if, in a fit of desperation, he condescended to come closer and be fond, he laughed at you for thinking yourself of consequence to him, if you were taken in; and hated you if you stood out, which was to think yourself of greater consequence. Neither would a knowledge of all this, if you had made him conscious, have lowered his self-admiration a jot. He would have thought it the mark of a great man,—a noble capriciousness,—an evidence of power, which none but the Alexanders and Napoleons of the intellectual world could venture upon. Mr. Hazlitt had some reason to call him 'a sublime cockcomb.' Who but he (or Rochester perhaps, whom he resembled) would have thought of avoiding Shakespeare, lest he should be thought to owe him any thing? And talking of Napoleon,—he delighted, when he took the additional name of Noel, in consequence of his marriage with an heiress, to sign himself N. B.: 'because,' said he, 'Buonaparte and I are the only public persons whose initials are the same.'

Upon these petty attempts to reduce Lord Byron to a level with himself, in order to get rid of a sense of gratitude, we offer no comments; their littleness and baseness rendering comment supererogatory. We shall, however, should we return to the volume hereafter, freely express our opinions upon its sorry exhibition; and in the mean time copy from *The Times* newspaper an indignant and bitter reproof, ascribed to the avenging pen of Mr. T. Moore.

The "Living Dog" and the "Dead Lion."

Next week will be published (as "Livers" are the rage) The whole Reminiscences, wondrous and strange, Of a small puppy-dog, that lived once in the cage Of the late noble lion at Exeter 'Change. Though the dog is a dog of the kind they call "sad," 'Tis a puppy that much to good breeding pretends; And few dogs have such opportunities had Of knowing how lions behave—among friends. How that animal acts, how he moves, how he drinks, Is all noted down by this Boswell so small; And 'tis plain, from each sentence, the puppy-dog thinks That the lion was no such great things after all. Though he roared pretty well—this the puppy allows— It was all, he says, borrow'd—all second-hand roar; And he vastly prefers his own little bow-wow To the loftiest war-note the lion could pour. 'Tis, indeed, as good fun as a *Cynic* could ask, To see how this cockney-bred setter of rabbits Takes gravely the lord of the forest to task, And judges of lions by puppy-dog habits. Nay, fed as he was (and this makes it a dark case) With scraps every day from the lion's own pan, He lifts up his leg at the noble beast's carcass, And—does all a dog, so diminutive, can. However, the book's a good book, being rich in Examples and warnings to lions high-bred, How they suffer small mongrelly curs in their kitchen, Who'll feed on them living, and foul them when dead. Exeter 'Change. T. PIDCOCK.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Lectures on the Psalms. By the late Rev. John Ewart, A.M. 3 vols. 8vo. London, Rivingtons, Robins and Co., J. M. Richardson: Edinburgh, Blackwood.

THE lecturer appears throughout these discourses to have been a most amiable and excellent man. During a ministry in the parish of Troquair, near Dumfries, of sixty-two years, the memoir prefixed to them describes him as enjoying all the earthly felicity of which his station was susceptible; and he died, as his life seemed to deserve, without pain or suffering. Of the lectures (as ours is little of a theological review) we have merely to observe, that without being of a learned or doctrinal cast, they are eminently pleasing, moral, and pious.

A Practical Essay on Stricture of the Rectum, &c. By Frederick Salmon, Surgeon to the General Dispensary, Aldersgate Street. 8vo. pp. 188. London, 1828. Whitaker, and Calow and Wilson.

MR. SALMON, in addition to considerable experience in his own practice, has availed himself of all that has been written on the subject by the few writers who have treated of it, and he has illustrated it by a good selection of cases. Thus this work, without any very novel views, contains more practical information than any other; and it is, therefore, the more valuable, not only because the disease is of much more frequent occurrence than is suspected by the generality of professional men, but because there is not one more frequently misunderstood or overlooked.

The English in India. By the Author of Pandurang Hari, &c. London, 1828. Simpkin and Marshall.

WE are not able to give this production the same praise we did to its predecessor. As a sketch of manners it is vulgar, and we believe, untrue, from its utter want of any thing characteristic; and as a novel, common-place in the extreme. We could hardly think it by the same hand.

An Analysis of the Historical Books of the Old Testament; with Notes and References to the most approved Commentators. 12mo. pp. 356. Oxford. J. Vincent.

By consulting Calmet, Horne, Townsend, Mant, Doddridge, Jones, Lightfoot, and other distinguished Biblical scholars, the editor of

this Analysis has put together a very useful and concise history of those remote ages, the records of which are preserved in the Old Testament. The work is divided into eight periods, from Moses to Jonah; and the whole deserving of commendation for industrious research and sound principles.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

EXPERIMENTS UPON EGGS WITH THE CHLORIDE OF LIME AND SODA.

In the beginning of last September (says a correspondent upon this useful economical question), I put six eggs into a wide-mouthed pickle-bottle, and filled it up with chloride of lime in powder, and the eggs were not allowed to be in contact.

Six eggs into another bottle, which was filled up with a solution or mixture of one ounce of the powder to one pint of common water, and six more with a solution of one ounce of chloride of soda (in solution) to a pint of water. The bottles were well closed.

On the 19th of the present month I examined the eggs, and found the effects of the solutions very different. The time elapsed has, I think, been sufficient to shew what may be expected from further trials.

The eggs in the powder were with difficulty loosened, the powder having become nearly as firm as soft chalk: quere,—if from the absorption of carbonic acid and some degree of moisture? The yolk of every egg was adhering to the shell, still retaining its shape, and the albumen tolerably transparent. Though not in the least offensive, the eggs were unfit for use, being in that defective state which is ascertained by a strong light.

The eggs in the solution of chloride of soda were as bad as eggs could be. When first immersed in this solution, air vesicles were immediately perceived on the surface of the eggs; though the shells, when broken, were not found to be decomposed or at all softened.

The eggs in the solution or mixture of the chloride of lime were all perfect; and what rendered this result more remarkable was, that one of them was cracked, which I found to be the case after the first immersion, when the mixture became clear in the upper part of the bottle. The yolk and albumen of this egg appeared as if parboiled, when taken out. There was a thin incrustation on the external surface of all the eggs in this bottle.

In the preservation of eggs it has been a desideratum, I believe, to turn the eggs occasionally in different directions, on account of the liability there is of the yolk adhering, if kept too long in juxta-position, to any part of the shell. This gives a preference to the use of the last mixture; though the consolidation of the powder would be a means of guarding the eggs from fracture.

I have to state, that the eggs used in the experiments were not newly laid, but were taken from one package of an egg merchant.

G. F.

GEOLOGY.

Footsteps before the Flood.—A very curious paper, by Mr. Grierson, was read before the general meeting of the Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth on the 22d of November last; the subject of which was some footsteps of quadrupeds discovered in a red sandstone quarry, about two miles to the north of the town of Lochmaben, in the county of Dumfries. Professor Buckland, having received casts of some of the most distinct impressions, together

with a fragment of the sandstone itself, expressed his full conviction (though the fact was at variance with his general opinions respecting the geological formation), that the rock, while in a soft state, had been traversed by living quadrupeds. The dip of the strata in the quarry is towards the west, and at an angle of about 35 degrees. On the eastern side, therefore, it is the upper surface of the strata that presents itself; and of this there is a great lateral extent. The upper edge of the strata, the face of which is there exposed, reaches within about fifteen feet of the surface of the ground. From this upper boundary down to the line where they disappear under the rubbish, which (since the working has been carried on chiefly on the opposite side of the quarry) has accumulated at their base; there are fully fifteen feet of their surface distinctly exhibited, and that for a range of not less than between forty and fifty yards. On the range of this acclivity, no less than four separate tracks were found of as many different kinds of animals. Three of these tracks were towards the south extremity of the range on the surface of the same identical layer, and two of them within two or three yards of each other. The fourth one was towards the north extremity, and probably on the same layer as the others; but owing to a quantity of earth which had rolled down, this was not fully ascertained. The simple inspection of the tracks, however, made it impossible to doubt in what manner they had been produced. The great number of the impressions in uninterrupted continuity, the regular alternations of the right and left footsteps, their equidistance from each other, the outward direction of the toes, the grazing of the foot along the surface before it was firmly planted, the deeper impression made by the toe than by the heel, and, in one instance, the sharp and well-defined marks of the three claws of the animal's foot,—are circumstances which immediately arrest the attention of the observer, and force him to acknowledge, that they admit of only one explanation. The impressions of one of these tracks, Dr. Buckland thinks have been produced by the feet of a tortoise or crocodile.—It will be obvious from the preceding description of the stratum containing these animal impressions, that though now lying bare and superficial as at the time when the impressions were made, it is really the one on which all the other strata of the quarry had been superimposed. One of the deepest and most distinct impressions was found at the base of the stratum in the lower part of the quarry, perhaps sixty or seventy feet beneath the surface of the earth. In what manner the facts and phenomena described may affect some interesting questions in geology, Mr. Grierson says he shall not presume to inquire; "but," adds that gentleman, "I think I may be permitted to remark in conclusion, that we have now specimens of the new red sandstone, containing impressions of quadrupeds,—impressions, which, to say the least, may be denominated, Footsteps before the Flood."

GEOGRAPHY.

The Geographical Society of Paris has existed little more than six years. In the course of that short period it has established prizes to the amount of 16,400 francs; published a series of questions with reference to the principal desiderata in the science; caused several maps to be engraved; given the most complete text extract of the Travels of Marco-Polo; prepared instructions for a great number of travellers;

obtained for them the countenance of the French and foreign governments; pointed out Cyrenaica as one of the most useful objects of inquiry; rewarded the admirable travels of M. Pacheco, and M. Bruguère's remarkable memoir on the horography of Europe; published two volumes of memoirs and manuscript narratives; received an immense variety of communications from all parts of the globe; maintained a scientific correspondence with the principal academies and learned societies in the two worlds; formed a valuable library; conceived the idea of a new hydrographical map of France, and concurred in its production by a committee from its own body; and, finally, offered a reward of eight thousand francs to the traveller who may be so fortunate as to penetrate into central Africa, either by the French possessions in Senegambia, or by the countries in the vicinity of the region of the upper Nile.

The members of this Society are at present 348 in number. Twenty-two travellers are now pursuing their inquiries, under the auspices of the Society, in Peru, Colombia, Chili, Persia, India, Thibet, Arabia, Georgia, Numidia, Abyssinia, Senegal, &c., not to mention the Antilles, and a voyage round the world. It was recently proposed to the Society by its President, to offer two annual medals for the most important geographical discoveries of the year; to receive communications on the subject written in either English, Spanish, or Latin; to accelerate the publication of a volume of memoirs and questions; and to address a circular letter to all the travellers, consuls, and correspondents of the Society. [*An example of diligence and activity.*—Ed. L. G.]

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, January 19.—On Monday last, being the first day of Lent Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. Hassel, Christ Church; W. C. Hall, Queen's College.
Bachelors of Arts.—F. Russell, St. Mary Hall; J. Griffith, Jesus College; G. Marshall, R. I. Free, T. Dix, Christ Church; J. Duffus, J. Saunders, J. Braithwaite, F. Woodhouse, Queen's College; H. Holdsworth, Brasenose College; J. K. Craig, Magdalen Hall.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Ascent of Elijah. Christ tempted in the Wilderness. Drawn and engraved by J. Martin. Sept. Prowett.

No living artist can communicate notions of grandeur and extensive space so successfully as Mr. Martin. His landscape compositions, although mannered, are invariably picturesque and striking. The general conception of his figures, also, is sometimes very happy; but if we were to praise their details, we should be guilty of flattery. The effect of both these little prints, and especially of the first mentioned, is brilliant and powerful. We should like, however, to see some work from Mr. Martin's scraper less black and white; or, in other words, possessing more of that quality which gives to mezzotinto its name,—middle-tint.

Portraits of Lady Bagot, the Viscountess Burghersh, and Lady Fitzroy Somerset. Engraved by J. Thomson, from a Drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Moon, Boys, and Graves. 1827.

A highly interesting representation of three beautiful and elegant young women. "The English Graces" would have been a good general title for this attractive print; and we boldly challenge any other country in Europe to pro-

duce a lovelier group, either in real or in mimic life. Mr. Thomson has shewn great skill in expressing the playfulness, delicacy, and taste of Sir Thomas Lawrence's crayon.

William Palmer, Esq. M. T. A. Painted, and drawn on Stone, by James Ramsay. C. Hullmandel.

A STRONG resemblance of the intelligent original; and executed in a light pleasing style.

Lady Georgiana Fane. Engraved by Turner, from a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

WHATEVER may be said (and justly) of the natural equality of human beings, it is certain that the different circumstances under which they are placed from their birth have a most extraordinary effect, not only on the mind, but on the external indication of it. Great beauty may, and does exist, in children of all classes; but where, except in those of superior rank and education, can we find that elegance and refinement of expression which the original of the present fascinating little picture so unequivocally possesses? No artist was ever gifted with greater power of appreciating and representing expression of this kind than the accomplished President of the Royal Academy. From his earliest years his practice has been exclusively of such a description, that his pencil is familiar only with forms of grace, loveliness, or dignity. Nothing can be more charming than the marking of the features in this cherub-countenance. The back ground, and the other accompaniments of the picture, are in a fine style of art. If we might "hint a fault," we would say that the shadow thrown on one of the feet, by being perhaps somewhat too strong, detracts from the beauty of the drawing. Mr. Turner has exhibited his usual ability in the execution of this delightful print.

NAVARINO.—We have seen an etching of Sir Theophilus Lee's aquatint of the Battle of Navarino, to which we alluded in a preceding *Gazette*, and have been much struck with the effect and accuracy of the plan. The resemblances to Mr. Burford's Panorama (partly derived from the authentic sources) are curious and striking.* The prints will, we think, be quite national records, as well as interesting productions of art.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE pictures for the ensuing Exhibition of our English school are nearly all arranged on the walls; and we can say, from an inspection of them, that they will not depreciate from the high character in art now happily enjoyed by this country. Hilton has a fine Amphitrite; Davis, a grand work of the Pope blessing the Shrewsbury Family at Rome; Stanfield, a noble sea-piece (Calais); young Boaden has made a striking advance; Mrs. Carpenter has placed herself at the head of female talent; Etty, Howard, Constable, Ward, Daniels, Chalon, Geddes, Roberts, Newton, Hofland, Stanley, Gill, Deane, Sharp, Lee, and others, contribute most successfully in their various lines to make an admirable whole.

SCULPTURE.

THE *Literary Gazette* was, we believe, the first journal which noticed the powers of young Lough; and we rejoice to learn, that success

* We notice this because there is some, but not very material difference, both with respect to the localities and the disposition of the fleets, between the plan of the battle of Navarino published in London from official documents, and a plan of the battle which has been published at Paris.

and flattery have not weakened his exertions. He has nearly completed a group, in clay, of "Iris waking Somnus," which is well calculated to give the world still higher notions of his genius than even his Milo or group of Samson. The back and limbs of the Iris, in grace, look of life, pulpy softness, elasticity of action, and feminine delicacy, have seldom, if ever, been exceeded by any artist since the Phidian age! In short, it appears to be now evident, beyond all dispute, that this young man, fresh from the plough, is gifted with the same instinct for giving a look of vitality to the material with which he imitates nature, that was the great characteristic of Phidian in sculpture, and Titian in painting. The impression of this beautiful group is acknowledged by a distinguished professor of the fine arts to be of the purest order. Iris looks as if she had plunged from heaven, at Juno's command, and pitched, like a beautiful bird, on the very point at which she had aimed; while the leaden slumbering heaviness with which Somnus is endeavouring to comprehend her message—with half-closed eyelids and hanging head—beginning to move his drowsy limbs, with that sort of aching pain all have felt at being suddenly startled from a long, deep, balmy, and delicious doze, is perfectly original, natural, and powerful. Lough has plenty to learn; but what he has, no teaching could have given him. If he does not dissect, he will never do hands and feet as he does other parts; because hands and feet are full of petty bits of bone, tendon, and muscle, which must be thoroughly comprehended before they can be executed; and his fine feeling for the masses of the figure will not sufficiently aid him in hands and feet. We are more than ever persuaded that, if this young man's mind be kept easy by employment, he will prove himself an inheritor of the genius which guided the sculptural heroes of the Acropolis.

Stained Glass.—A large window, executed in stained and enamelled colours, under the direction of Mr. Collins, is at present exhibiting in the Strand, previous to its being sent out to Calcutta, where it is to form the altar-piece of St. Peter's Church. In the four lower openings are introduced the Evangelists. The central divisions comprise a selection from the cartoon of "Christ's Charge to Peter." On the left is the figure of Moses, bearing the tables of the law, and on the right that of Aaron, as the high priest. In the head of the window are represented four angels, chanting the "Gloria in Excelsis;" with the dove surmounting the whole. It is surprising what brilliance of colouring has been attained in this branch of the arts. Even in our dim atmosphere we have seldom beheld any thing so splendid as the draperies of some of the figures in this window. What will they become when illuminated by a tropical sun! In the same room are a copy of Carlo Dolci's celebrated "Salvator Mundi," at Burleigh; and another of Martin's scarcely less celebrated "Belshazzar's Feast." The latter is an extraordinary little work. It is painted with a rare union of spirit and high finishing; and does the greatest credit to the artist, whoever he may be, by whom it has been produced. It strikes us that the effect of this admirable performance would be increased by its having some visible boundary: a flat of matted gold, for instance; the half-tone of which would serve to shew at once the vividness of the lights, and the depth of the shadows, in the picture itself.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LEGEND OF THE RING.

LISTEN, oh, lady, listen to me,
For I must away ere daylight break,
And to thee I bring
A golden ring—
Then, lady, awake, awake!
I come, I come from the Holy Land,
Where many a Christian knight
For the blessed rood
Hath stoutly stood;
With the Saracen in fight.
Oh, lady—oh, lady, thy own true knight
On Sidon's strand lies dead;
For he this day,
In Paynim fray,
His best life's-blood hath shed.
Oh, lady, I sat me down by his side—
And when midnight began to toll,
Though his mortal breath
Was hushed in death,
I had speech of his passing soul.
For when death hath fixed his seal on the lip,
And the spark of life hath fled,
At the midnight hour
I have the power
To commune with the dead.
Thy knight he sendeth thy pledge of love,
And, lady, he claimeth thee for his bride,
When the dismal bell
Doth ring his knell—
And thy couch it is spread in the grave by
his side.
Then, lady, awake, awake, awake!
And get thee a shroud for thy bridal vest;
For soon shalt thou wed
With the silent dead,
And the grave it shall serve for thy chamber
of rest.
Then listen, oh, lady, listen to me,
For I must away ere daylight break;
And to thee I bring
A golden ring—
Then, lady, awake, awake! —
The lady she looked from her lattice tower—
She looked up on the sky;
The stars twinkled bright
In the brow of the night,
And the wind sighed mournfully by,
The lady she looked from her lattice tower—
She looked far and near;
But none could she see
Whose voice that might be,
Though the night was wondrous clear.
But a star there shot athwart the heaven,
And there fell at her feet a ring,
And, far away,
This roundelay
A voice was heard to sing.
" 'Tis pleasant to range through the paths of
heaven
When the stars are glittering bright,
And far and wide
On the winds to ride,
In the solitude of night.
Oh I love to float on the streamy breeze—
To bathe in the chill night air—
And, as I whirl past
In the eddying blast,
To unbind to the winds my flaxen hair.
'Tis pleasant to drink of the morning breeze—
'Tis pleasant mid clouds to be—
'Tis pleasant to sail
O'er hill and o'er dale,
And to sweep on the billowy sea.

And man, and his pride, and his feebleness,
'Tis pleasant to spurn, and to flee
From the haunts of life
And the wo and the strife
That dwell with humanity."

The lady who gave that golden ring
Hath rued the gift I ween;
For after the bell
Rung her lover's knell,
She never more was seen.

M.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

POPULAR CUSTOMS, &c. IN FRANCE.

NO. X.

Lake of Grand Lieu, and its Superstitions, &c.
THE lake of Grand Lieu is situated about five miles W.S.W. of Nantes, and abounds with fish; carp and pike, weighing from thirty to forty pounds each, being often taken in these waters. In some places it is very shallow, and in others no bottom can be found. Although not subject to any tide, its waters are sometimes greatly agitated without any apparent cause, and tremendous waves break over its banks. Boats have been sometimes swamped in crossing this little sea during one of its tempests, which are always the forerunners of very high winds, generally taking place about three days afterwards.

This lake, before the Revolution, was the property of the Marquess de Juigne, brother of the late Archbishop of Paris; and here he regularly held a court of justice—the tribunal was seated in a boat about two hundred paces from the bank of the lake; and when the judge gave his sentence, he was obliged to let his right foot touch the water.

At the eastern extremity of the lake is a small sandy islet of a circular figure, about five or six hundred paces in diameter, and called *Ile d'Un*. In the middle of this island is an upright stone, about five feet in height, and two or three feet broad at the base. This stone appears to be deeply embedded in the earth, and has a round hole in it, six inches in diameter, and about two feet from the ground, which serves, according to an old tradition, to stop up the mouth of a gulf formed by the waters of the lake. This gulf encloses an enormous giant, whose vain efforts to escape from his prison occasion those dreadful tempests of which we have just spoken. According to a curious MS. of the year 1022, the giant will remain for ever incarcerated, unless a young virgin lift up the stone. To effect this, she is to put her left arm in the hole of the stone, and to hold a consecrated girdle in her left, in which a slip-knot is to be made, for the purpose of being put over the neck of the giant, who will immediately become tractable and obliging, and what is more, a very devout Christian. When this is done, there will be no more tempests. Near the stone which closes up the entrance of the giant's prison is the trunk, apparently, of an old oak. Our giant was the antagonist of St. Martin, and counteracted all the preaching of this good man in the city of Hesbauge.

Towards the southern end of the lake is another island planted with poplars, which appears to have been divided from the main land by an artificial cut or channel.

The shore on the north is sandy and sterile. On the three other sides are immense marshes, which serve for the pasturage of the cattle of the neighbouring communes. The inhabitants of the country seek their fire-wood in these marshes; they are provided with iron probes, about five or six feet long, which

they strike into the earth, and when they find any resistance, they dig and draw out entire trees, which anciently formed a part of the forest that has been replaced by the marshes.

Before we take leave of this subject, it may not be uninteresting to remark that the fable of the giant residing in the *Isle d'Un*, or *Hun*, that is, in the Island of Sleep (from the Celtic word *Hun*, sleep), is evidently the same as that related by Plutarch, of a giant who lived in an island consecrated to sleep, on the coast of Brittany, where he kept watch over a god, who was in chains and fast locked in the arms of Somnus. It is extremely curious to hear in the present day the people of a canton in France relating a tradition, or rather a fabulous tale, recorded by Plutarch; to see, even in our own time, a tribunal held in a boat on the banks of a lake, when we know, from ancient authors, that the inhabitants of continental Britain (Bretagne) were charged to convey departed spirits in a boat to the opposite coast of insular Britain; and that the Egyptians passed judgment on their dead on the bank of a lake, before they carried them over in a vessel to the other side. It is equally curious to observe that the names of the places bear an allusion to these circumstances. The name of the lake, Grand Lieu, is composed of the French word *grand*, large; and of the Celtic *lough* or lake. The names of the rivers Lognon, Ogne, and Boulogne, have for their common root the Celtic word *aon* or *eon*, fear or fright—the two first signifying the rivers of fear; the third, Boulogne, is the river of the gulf of fear, this word being composed also of the Celtic *poul*, ditch or gulf. Hence this lake and the three rivers were, in the ancient French mythology, the lake Avernus, and the rivers Styx and Acheron.

Again, the *Isle d'Un* or *Hun* is nearly the same in name with the island in Bretagne called *Seizun*, that is, "the Isle of the Seven Sleepers;" in which, according to the belief of our ancestors, one or more sleeping giants were supposed to be contained. And here we have a fresh proof that popular traditions, although fabulous, as well as ancient customs, with the tracing of the names of places, materially tend to elucidate the origin of a people; and are eminently useful in supplying the place of authentic history.

The marshes of the lake of Grand Lieu are, according to the belief of the inhabitants of this country, peopled with spirits or hobgoblins; and travellers in the night-time are directed to be particularly cautious not to follow any of the deceitful lights which are shewn by these evil spirits, for the purpose of leading them into the bogs, and then laughing at their misfortunes.

Were-wolves (*loups-garoux*) are also common here, particularly during the time of the vintage; and there are few villagers who cannot tell some tale of an encounter with these wicked creatures.*

* "The name of were-wolf," says Verstegan, "remaineth still knowne in the Teutonick, and is as much to say, as man-wolf: the Greek expressing the very like in *lycanthropos*. Orbelius, not knowing what were signifieth, because in the Netherlands it is now cleane out of use, except thus composed with *wolf*, doth misinterpret it according to his fancy.—The were-wolves are certaine sorcerers, who having anoynted their bodies with an oymnt which they make by the instinct of the diuell, and putting on a certeyn enchanted girdle, doe not onely unto the view of others seeme as wolves, but to their owne thinking have both the shape and nature of wolves, so long as they weare the sayd girdle. And they do dispose themselves as very wolves, in wourrying and killing most of humane creatures. Of such, sundry have bene taken and executed in sundry parts of Germany and the Netherlands. One *Peter Stump*, for being a were-wolf, and having killed thirtie children, two women, and one

Superstitions at Samer.

The Hill of the White Mare.—The inhabitants of Samer have a tradition that a white mare was formerly to be seen upon a mount a short distance from the town. The animal was extremely beautiful, had never belonged to any master, and came up familiarly to the passengers, and offered her back for them to mount. But wo to those who were so indiscreet as to cross the sides of the white mare! All prudent people took especial care not to accept this inviting offer. But as there are always foolish and credulous persons to be found,—one of this class had the temerity to mount the white mare; he was soon thrown and crushed to atoms by the hoofs of the animal. Since this time, say they, the mare, or rather the spirit who had assumed this form, has totally disappeared.

In the environs of Samer there is another kind of spirit, named *Enard*, (or the clamorous one). These ghosts call to the passengers in the dark nights, and if any one be so imprudent as to answer them, he is immediately dragged away by the hair and murdered; and the good folks of the country think themselves very happy, if they escape with a few hard knocks and the loss of some handful of hair.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Tuesday we experienced an unexpected disappointment. Madame Pasta did not appear, as announced, in *Zelmira*; and the undrawing opera of *Margherita* was repeated. This evening, it is understood, however, that she will come forth in *Tancredi*, supported by Curioni, Caradori, and Pellegrini. *La Rosa Rossa et la Rosa Bianca* is in rehearsal, and will be speedily produced. The ballet improves: the second act is really very showy; and Anatoli surpasses our notions of the superb in the brilliancy of her appearance. *Mlle. Couté* is the name, we learn, of the anonymous and pretty figure adverted to in our last. We like her dancing better than her name—*coute qui coute*.

The agreement for the theatre by Messrs. Laurent and Laporte was finally settled on Thursday.

DRURY LANE.

THE *Turkish Lovers* was revived on Wednesday, with Mrs. Feron and Miss Love as *Florella* and *Lucetta*, and Braham in his old part of *Selim*.

COVENT GARDEN.

A NEW tragedy, in five acts, entitled *The Serf, or the Russian Brothers*, was produced here on Wednesday evening. Popular rumour attributed it to Lord Normanby, and the bantling has consequently been laid at his lordship's door by the newspapers. It is, however, we believe, from the pen of a gentleman (Mr. Talbot), the scion of another noble stock, but not a lord. Be it whose it may, it was very favourably received, and, in some respects, deserved the applause it met with. The plot is simple, dramatic, and affecting—and, what is still more in its favour, the incident on which it hinges is new to our stage. *Isidor*

man, was, at Bodbur, not far from Cullen, in the year 1680, put unto a very terrible death. The flesh of divers parts of his body was pulled out with hot iron tongs, his arms, thighs, and legs, broken on a wheel, and his body lastly burnt. He dyed with very great remorse, desiring that his body might not be spared from any torment, so his soul might be saved.—*Restitution of Enslaved Intelligence*, p. 236.

(Charles Kemble),* the illegitimate son of a Russian prince by a bondswoman, (his father having died without enfranchising him,) is, according to the laws of Russia, the serf, or slave, of his half-brother, Vladimir (Young), who, born in lawful wedlock, succeeds to the title and estates. At the instance of the Countess Olga (Miss Jarman), of whom he is enamoured, Isidor presses Vladimir to give him his freedom; but the prince, who is also in love with the countess, maddened by jealousy and the instigations of Ossip (Ward), an injured and revengeful servant, refuses to sign his charter, and compels him to wait at table, as a domestic, in the presence of the lady of his heart. A blow being added to this insult, Isidor draws, and, in attempting to stab his persecutor, wounds the countess, who has rushed between them. He is dragged to prison; and, to save him from punishment, Olga consents to marry Vladimir. Isidor, restored to freedom, but robbed of his love, defies his unnatural brother to mortal combat. Both are slain; and the countess, entering, swoons on the body of Isidor. Some of the situations, as our readers may suppose from this slight sketch of the story, are exceedingly powerful; but the language is singularly unequal;—several passages rising into poetry, whilst others are not merely common-place, but absolutely vulgar. Young and Charles Kemble did their utmost for the two brothers; but the character of Vladimir is made unnecessarily revolting. Miss Jarman played with her usual stage tact and want of real feeling. The same remark may apply to Mr. Ward. Both are such mere actors, that we can never for one moment suppose them in earnest.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

This already very attractive theatre has done itself additional credit by producing, on Monday last, two new pieces; both of which have been eminently and deservedly successful. The first, indeed, a burletta, called *Paris and London*, or *Crossing the Herring Pond*, by Mr. Planché, is of a far superior order to what we have been accustomed to see at any minor theatre. It is extremely dramatic, has much originality, the characters well drawn, the dialogue smart, the situations good, and the ensemble very amusing. The difference of manners in Paris and London, exemplified by a certain *Lord Volatil*; and his final reclamation by an affectionate wife, who follows him in disguise; together with a laughable underplot in the servants' hall,—form the materials of the drama: in the course of which a scene behind the scenes of a French theatre, and another on board a steam-packet, are highly comic and entertaining. Mrs. Yates, in *Lady Volatil*, played delightfully, and proved that no disguise could disguise the sweetness of her voice and countenance. Her lord was, to be sure, one of the stick nobility; but even with that drawback to her exertions, her foot-boy, cabin-boy, French actress, &c. &c. were all equally spirited and charming. Yates herself, in a *magnifique* French hair-dresser, was capital. Gallot, a gormandizer, and Mr. Benson Hill (first appearance), an exquisite, performed with much truth and humour; and Mrs. Hughes made a pretty and clever *soubrette*. Wilkinson, in an English

coachman, was quietly, drily, and wonderfully amusing. Reeve, an English actor in Paris, had not much to do; but secured his usual roars of laughter. The whole was received with great applause; has been played to bumper houses ever since; and will be "performed (say the bills) till further notice"—a long term, we will promise for it.

The second piece is also a very agreeable performance, in which T. P. Cooke acts a rough soldier; Buckstone, a simple countryman; and Mrs. Hughes a village maiden, beloved by both. Cooke both looked and played his part to admiration; and Buckstone proved himself little, if at all, inferior to Harley or Keeley, of whom he frequently reminded us.

THE FRENCH PLAYS.

So much has been said already by the journals, both political and literary, respecting these performances, that coming, as we do in this instance, at the fag-end of the week, we are "not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry,"—and we are happy to add, that the cry is pretty generally an encouraging one. The ground being occupied, as far as regards criticism on the performers and pieces, we shall take up a different position, and say a word or two respecting the struggle which we understand is yet likely to take place between the Theatres Royal and their exotic neighbour. We are not amongst those who think the establishment of a French Theatre (even were it upon a much grander scale than the present,) will be attended with injury to our National Drama. Nay, we will venture to suggest that it is likely materially to improve its quality, and consequently increase its attraction.—First, as to the imputed injury. At present the Lyceum Theatre (it will be a better title than the "English Opera House," during the French performances) is not open to the public, that is to say, money is not allowed to be taken at the doors; and though the facilities of subscription are considered by the proprietors of the winter theatres as nearly the same thing, we are not of that opinion. The slightest addition to the trouble of putting down their money and taking their check, will prove, to borrow a pun from the Rejected Addresses—a check to the play-goers. It makes just about the difference which a shop-door open and a shop-door shut makes to the lounging purchaser. The former is a temptation to enter—the latter, though the trouble it imposes on him is only a turn of the wrist, is a damper to his propensity. This of course only applies to those who are not absolutely bent on laying out their money at a particular shop; but those who are must have some particular inducement; and it is now for us to inquire what inducement is likely to be held out by the French theatre to the general English public. Much as French is learnt in this country, it is very imperfectly spoken, and very little understood when perfectly spoken, especially by Frenchmen, and on the stage. Mere curiosity may take every body in the metropolis once to the French play; but how many will go the second time? Those only who really understand and relish the performances; and the question is, will that number be considerable? We are not now speaking of the nobility: they will of course patronise the French plays, because they are not absolutely public,—because there are private boxes to sit in and *surtout*,—because it is something new, and not English. But did the nobility previously patronise the winter theatres? Are they the support of the English drama? Alas! no. The injury therefore the French theatre can

do, as at present established, is very visionary, and would be still more so, if placed upon a footing with the English. The moment it was regularly licensed, that money could be taken at the doors, the fashion, the mystery, the clandestine delight, would vanish,—a noisy audience would replace a well-behaved one, and the French play would be no longer worth going to. Let us now look on the other side of this picture, and see if there be not at least as much to hope as to fear from the establishment of a French theatre in London. In the first place, since foreign fashions are proverbially so infectious, may not John Bull take a lesson from the deep attention and orderly behaviour of a foreign audience? (for however patronised by the English, the number of foreigners are sure to predominate); may he not in happy hour perceive that to annoy others is not the best or most respectable way of gratifying himself; and that fighting, whistling, chattering, and pelting the pit with orange-peel, is any thing but conducive to dramatic perfection, whether in piece or performer? Secondly, will it not be an excellent school for our own actors, who are sadly in want of one. We are convinced it is impossible for any person, possessing a grain of talent, to witness the performance of such actors as Perlet or Potier, without profiting by it. The number of our actors who have any idea of the neatness and perfection of French comedy is exceedingly small. Charles Kemble, Farren, Keeley, Mrs. Davenport, Miss Kelly, Miss Goward, and, in attention to minute effects, now and then Mathews,—and the list, we fear, is very nearly complete.* The first and last of these performers, in addition to the promptings of their own fine taste and first-rate genius, have had frequent opportunities of studying the best foreign models—the others have "taken it naturally," in every sense of the word. Let the rest, many of whom we greatly admire, although we cannot rank them in this list, but diligently attend the French theatre, and we promise the town a speedy and marvellous improvement in general English acting. That the establishment of a French theatre in London will eventually benefit the national theatres, we have no more doubt than that the flinging open of the Continent had a detrimental effect on them. The *grossieretés* of our drama and its actors became more offensively visible to all who were enabled to contrast them with the elegancies of the French stage. Who that had lately enjoyed the exquisite treat of a comic opera at the Feydeau, or a smart vaudeville at the Gymnase, could endure the want of "ensemble" on the stage, the overpowering tempest in the orchestra (mis-called "an accompaniment"), and the uproar and vulgarity of the galleries of Drury Lane or Covent Garden? or witness with common patience the interruption and destruction of the fine acting of Kean or Kemble, or the delicious singing of Miss Paton or Madame Vestris, by the injudicious admittance of some hundreds of people at half price, who, not being able to see or hear themselves, form the amiable determination that nobody else shall? Instead of despairing at the introduction of a French theatre, let the proprietors of the English theatres "put their shoulders to the wheel, and Hercules will help them." Has the French theatre made any difference in the receipts of Drury Lane, when Liston, Mathews, and Jones, have been acting? No! Should Mr. Kean's health again permit

* Mr. Charles Kemble wears a military dress. The correctness of a Kemble in costume can scarcely be doubted; and yet is not every serf, immediately on entering the army, free? If, then, Mr. Kemble's military dress supposes that he is in the army, the necessity of a charter of freedom no longer existed; as when he became a soldier of the Russian empire, he ceased to be civilly a slave.—From a Correspondent, B. S.

* We should add Madame Vestris, but that, from her long practice on foreign boards, she can scarcely be ranked as a "born and bred" English actress.

him to play *Othello* to Mr. Young's *Iago*, and Mr. Kemble's *Cassio*, will the French theatre prevent Covent Garden from being crowded to an overflow? No! When there is any thing worth seeing or hearing, we know the people cannot be kept from the theatre. Let the proprietors, therefore, take fresh spirit from this circumstance. Let them endeavour by degrees to remove the objections alluded to. Let them imitate all that is worth imitation on the French stage and in the French theatre. Let a true love and respect for the art enjoy at least a fair proportion of their bosoms with the love of sordid gain. Let them be satisfied, that the nearer they advance to perfection, the greater will be their profits. Let them do this, "and defy the foul fiend."

The king has ordered a box to be fitted up for him at this theatre, which will give it greater éclat than ever. On Wednesday the Duke of Sussex was one of a highly aristocratic audience: Perlet, in *le Comédien d'Etampes*, was *su-Perlet-ice*.

VARIETIES.

Specimen of the Dubious.—The noble Secretary for the Home Department sat in a box on the left side of the house, and the Honourable Under-Secretary at a short distance in the pit. The house was in other parts well and respectfully attended.—[Critique on the French play. New Times of Saturday last.]

Anecdote.—Reynolds, the dramatist, on having been requested by several early applicants to give them orders on the first night of his forthcoming play of *Edward the Black Prince* (avowedly founded on two old dramas), is said to have written the following whimsical answer to one of them:—"Sir,—As you wish for orders on the first night of *Edward the Black Prince*, I can only advise you to apply to the real authors; their address is as follows:—Beaumont and Fletcher, Westminster Abbey; William Shirley, Patriarchal Churchyard, Lisbon.—I am, &c."

Incurious Carriages.—A description which appeared the other day in a newspaper, of a journey made to Edgware by the new steam-coach, stated, "that the carriages and horses on the road took no notice of it."

A foreigner, to whom Mr. A.— had given his address, "Old Bailey, London,"—politely directed his letter to the "care of Mr. Bailey, senior, London."

A Lucky Thought.—To what strange and unexpected circumstances is the success in life of some men owing!—On the side of Mount St. Angelo, in the kingdom of Naples, is a little castle, perched on a rock like an eagle's nest. This nest is the residence of a nabob. He was a common sailor of Castellamare, who was thrown, in consequence of his adventurous disposition, on the shores of Hindostan, where, assisted by the recollections of his youth, he hit upon the means of making a large fortune. It is the usage of the wood-cutters on Mount St. Angelo, to attach their faggots to a long cable, and thus make them slide down from the top of the mountain to the water-side. Our adventurer, at a critical moment, recommended a similar mode of transporting his cannon to a rajah in whose service he had engaged. The experiment was completely successful; a brilliant victory was the result; and a crore of rupees rewarded the ingenuity of the Italian.

Chlorine.—A French medical man, of the name of Garnal, lately read to the Académie des Sciences a memoir on the treatment of pulmonary consumption, in which he spoke

highly of fumigations of chlorine in that distressing complaint. It did not appear, however, that any of his patients had experienced a radical cure; and it is said, that in some of the French hospitals in which the experiment has been tried, an exacerbation of the malady was the result.

Mimic Gold.—A gentleman at Leghorn has invented a new metallic compound, which he calls Artimomantico, resembling gold in colour and weight. Snuff-boxes made of it are mistaken for pure gold. It is of the same weight as gold of 18 carats, and can be made like that of 24. At a manufactory of it established at Bologna, buttons are made of it at a very cheap rate, and when new they resemble the most highly gilt buttons. The Artimomantico is soft, and bends; and has a great superiority to other gold-coloured metals in not tarnishing. A metallic alloy for plating iron and protecting it from rust has been invented by the same gentleman. It is easily and cheaply applied, forms an amalgam with the iron, penetrates some depth, and effectually protects it from rust. This property it derives from its refusing to unite with oxygen at common temperatures, or even when artificially heated. It is formed out of many metals. It does not increase the hardness of the article to which it is applied, nor does it efface the finest lines on the surface. It does not injure the temper of knives. Four ounces of this composition are sufficient to cover an iron bedstead. A company, with a large capital, has been already formed at Bologna for coating iron-work; and they are now drawing out plates which can be united to one another by heat, without any injury to the coating.

Tripoli.—A camp has lately been formed in the neighbourhood of Tripoli, consisting of 25,000 men. It is under the orders of Sidi-Ali, the third son of the pasha; and is destined to attack the revolted Arabs of the Djebel, who have for several months harassed and pillaged the suburbs and outskirts of Tripoli. These Arabs belong to three distinct tribes, called Ssattou, Assabe, and Nouair; and have for their principal chief Muhammed-il-Marmouri, a crafty and suspicious man, who has never rendered personal homage to the pasha, although he has at various periods scrupulously acquitted himself of the duties of a vassal. The pasha is determined to reduce the rebels by force; an enterprise which will not be untended with danger, for the places occupied by Marmouri are so high and difficult of access, that it will be necessary to convey the artillery to them on the backs of camels; and the infantry will find considerable difficulty in climbing up to them.

North-East Wind.—In the last number of the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, Mr. Samuel Marshall states it to be highly probable that the only periodical wind which we have in this island, that from the north-east, which prevails generally from about the middle of April to the 7th or 8th of May, and sometimes longer, may be thus accounted for:—"In Sweden and Norway the face of the country is covered with snow to the middle of May, or longer. This frozen covering, which has been formed during winter, grows gradually shallower to the 15th or 16th of May, or until the sun has acquired 17° or 18° of north declination; while, on the other hand, the valleys and mountains of England have received an accession of temperature of 24° or 25°. On this account, when the temperature of Sweden and Norway is cooled down by snow of 32°, that of Britain is 24° or 25° higher than that of the preceding countries. Because, while the ground is covered

with snow, the rays of the sun are incapable of heating the air above 32° (the freezing point). For this reason the air of England is 24° or 25° more heated than that of the before-mentioned countries. The air of Sweden and Norway will then, of course, by the laws of comparative specific gravities, displace that of England; and from the relative situation of those countries with this country, will produce a north-east wind. This current is in common stronger by day than by night, because the variation of temperature in the air of Great Britain is at that time the greatest, being frequently from 50° to 60° about noon, and sinking to 32° in the night."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Some curious Autograph Letters have recently come into the possession of Mr. Landseer the engraver. Among these are two from Dr. Adam Smith, addressed to Dr. Roebuck, of a very confidential nature, dated 17th November and 9th December, 1774, concerning Dr. Franklin and American Politics, which throw considerable light on the secret history and intrigues of the time. There is another, of more than the folio page, by Smeaton the engineer, respecting the Canon Iron Foundry, &c., dated 28 September, 1763.

The Rev. G. Oliver, Vicar of Cleve, has issued proposals for publishing a History of Initiation, comprising a Detailed Account of the Rites and Ceremonies, Doctrines and Discipline, of all the Secret and Mysterious Institutions of the Ancient World.

It is now said to be a Mr. Marsh who wrote the Clubs of London: the same, we believe, to whom Vetus Letters were attributed.

The Second Report of Doctor Faustus, written by an English Gentleman, is to form the Eleventh Part of Mr. W. J. Thoms's Early Prose Romances.

R. Jennings announces a Pocket Atlas in Eighty-four Maps, illustrative of Modern and Ancient Geography: the First Series showing the different States of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, divided according to the Treaty of 1815; and the Second Series, or Ancient Department, compiled from the most esteemed authorities.

An 8vo. edition will shortly appear of the Memoirs and Correspondence of Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood.

In the Press.—Camelion Sketches, by the Author of the picturesque Promenade round Dorking.—Travels in Russia, Prussia, and Finland, by William Rae Wilson, Esq. F.S.A.—The Birth-Day, and other Tales, by Elizabeth Frances Dagley, Author of Fair Favourites, &c.—The First Volume of the Works of the English and Scottish Reformers, edited by the Rev. Thomas Russell, A.M.—Also, a Second Edition of Sermons on Various Subjects, by the late Rev. John Hyatt; with a Memoir of the Author, by the Rev. John Morison, Minister of Trevor Chapel, Brompton.—A Second Edition, much enlarged, of Horæ Momens Cravenæ; or, the Dialect of the Deanery of Craven. [Of the first edition we gave a very favourable opinion.—Ed. L. G.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Davies on the Human Mind, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s. bds.—Fairly Mythology, 2 vols. fcp. 1l. 1s. bds.—Hunt's Byron and his Contemporaries, 4to. 3s. 6d.—Tales of an Antiquary, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Chateaubriand's Travels in America, &c. English, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. bds.—Hall's Gradus ad Parnassum, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Taylor's Biography (Middle Ages), 12mo. 7s. hf.-bd.—Halliday on Lunatic Asylums, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Boy's New Testament, 4to. 1l. 1s. bds.—Tales of the West, by the Author of Letters from the East, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Uncle Peregrine's Helms, 5 vols. 12mo. 1l. 10s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . 17	From 33. to 49.	29.86 to 29.50
Friday . . . 18	— 42. — 53.	30.03 — 30.12
Saturday . . 19	— 41. — 55.	30.16 — 30.19
Sunday . . . 20	— 39.5 — 50.	30.17 — 30.24
Monday . . . 21	— 34. — 47.	30.19 — 30.16
Tuesday . . 22	— 40. — 56.	30.03 — 30.15
Wednesday 23	— 38. — 53.	30.15 — 30.30

Prevailing wind S.W.

Except the 17th and 18th, when it was raining, generally clear; foggy on the morning of the 31st.

The circumstance of a blackthorn bush being in full bloom shews the peculiar mildness of the present season.

Rain fallen, 725 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude 0° 3' 51" W. of Greenwich.

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